

PATTY FORSOOK LOVELESS HOME WITH SLIM PURSE

THE TRYST. By Grace Livingston Hill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE author of this new novel is frank enough to tell her real name on the blurb as well as on the cloth cover. There are persons who, if they had written it, would never have confessed the truth, and their grief would be intense if they were found out in spite of anonymity assumed to be provided by a pen name.

Are we wrong, then, in presuming that Mrs. Lutz is rather proud of her fifteenth novel? Indeed not, and we feel sure that she had a perfectly splendid time writing it. That is one of the joys of authorship (that no amount of harsh misunderstanding can take away. And we feel sure that this author, given her choice, would rather be herself than, say, Princess Anastasia of Greece.

There are thirty-four chapters and 350 pages of this book. One might grind it through the mill *en gros*, and let it go at that, but it would hardly be fair to devote scarce a minute to a work that took to write, at a guess, thirty-four days. Besides, the fiction is negatively unusual. We fail to find any tryst in it at one reading, but it may be there. If we had time we should read the book again to find out.

Perhaps we shall some day. As a consequence of writing the truth as we see it about this latest novel by this author we may find ourselves with plenty of time to pick up all the loose ends, of which this book is fuller than any work of Sterne or Smollett. We shall discover then if Patricia's mother and sister were really her mother and sister or horrid pretences; we may find out if Daniel Merrill, her father, who loved her well enough to call her Patty, actually got home safe from his business trips to South America. We may learn how much Patricia paid for her ticket to New York when she ran away from her loveless home in the "middle West," and after paying for her first meal awake to the cold fact that she had but a silver quarter and a dime rolling round in the void of her purse, and we may also learn why Calvin Treeves, a multi-millionaire, always spoke in 120 point even when he wasn't intending to be especially emphatic.

Perhaps it is better to be content to know with certain knowledge that Patty finally acknowledged her acquaintance with John Treeves, the multi-millionaire's minister nephew. It took great strength of character to do so after hearing of his interview with God on a mountain, but we think she must have admitted it, because Mrs. Lutz almost tells us on page 350 that the pair are going to marry. But what did the lawyer's clerk want of Patty when he travelled all the way from the middle West to North Carolina, arriving on one train and leaving on the next without seeing her? At one moment we thought he took the journey in order to advise that sweet girl of an inheritance and the next that he was going to arrest her. But he faded out; he faded out like the book itself.

The Dial endows writer annually

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS will be paid January 1, 1922, and annually thereafter by The Dial magazine to a young American writer. This is intended to acknowledge, at least in a small way, the service to letters of one of those who have had contributions published the preceding year. The money is not a prize and the givers are not starting a competition; nor are there any special terms or conditions. The editors of The Dial feel that while many American writers make handsome livings through their work, others of a more intellectual and therefore less readily apprehended talent cannot appeal to so large audiences. They are thus compelled to spend some of the best years of their lives without recognition and without the means to leave them free to work at their art. The magazine named hopes each year to set one young American writer free for twelve months so that he may have the only freedom which counts—the freedom to do what he wants most to do. The sum of \$2,000 is intended to represent the equivalent of a year's leisure. No restriction will be put upon the recipient, however, and he or she will be free to spend the money in any way.

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REVIEWS OF NEW FICTION

Andre thrived on duels

SCARAMOUCHE. By Rafael Sabatini. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Reviewed by JOSEPH GOULD.

THE French Revolution was one of the most dramatic affairs in the history of mankind. It is a perfect gold mine for romancers who seek a setting for a thrilling plot. For this reason the period has been used and abused by many writers. Rafael Sabatini, however, has equalled most of his predecessors in ability to tell a story and to interest the period. The hero, Andre Louis Moreau, was reputed to be the son of his protector, Quinton de Keradrien, Lord of Gavrilac in Brittany. The author says of him: "He was born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad. And that was all his patrimony." He was a member of the Literary Chamber of Rennes. Here the intellectual youth of France met to discuss the new philosophies which were permeating social life. Andre was not very popular in this group of theorists, for his sharp tongue had a gift for puncturing idealistic bubbles. Above all other things he prided himself on his air of philosophic detachment.

A mere trifle changed the entire current of his life. A peasant named Mabey was shot for poaching by a gamekeeper of the Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr. His friend, Philippe de Vilmorin, a divinity student of Rennes, remonstrated with the Marquis. He used some heated expressions. The Marquis challenged him to a duel and deliberately killed him, "because he had a dangerous gift of eloquence." This little incident made Andre dedicate himself to vengeance. He decided that the supreme revenge would be to make himself the mouthpiece of his friend's sentiments. At Rennes he made a speech which inflamed the populace. He was sent as a delegate to Nantes. Under the name of Omnes Omnibus he made a speech which resulted in a powerful protest from the citizens. As a consequence he became a hunted fugitive.

Fate offered him a safe hiding. He became a member of a company of strolling players who were trying to revive the Italian drama of improvisation. He made scenarios for them which brought the company further along. He found that he had a genius for acting and played the appropriate part of Scaramouche, the swindling intriguer who set the world by the ears. The new life appealed to him tremendously. He forgot for a time his dreams of vengeance. He became the betrothed of Celine Binet, the daughter of the manager of the company.

The Marquis again crossed Andre Louis's path. He was known as the suitor of Aline de Keradrien, and Andre hoped to save Aline from a

loveless marriage to him. Meanwhile the Marquis seduced Celine, and in order to avenge himself Andre started a riot when the company played at Nantes. In the confusion Binet tried to kill him and Andre shot him in self-defence. Again he was a fugitive from justice.

The next position which Andre obtained was that of assistant to Ber-

refused the offer. However, he accepted a seat in that body when he realized that it would give him a chance to settle accounts with the Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr. When the inevitable duel came he had the satisfaction of causing his enemy to taste the bitterness of death, but he only wounded him.

His course had estranged him from his godfather and he threw himself into the duties of legislation, but they were not congenial. When Paris rose



Rafael Sabatini.

trand Armis, the fencing master. He threw himself into the art of fencing with his customary energy and enthusiasm. His powers of theorizing soon made him surpass his master. When Bertrand de Armis was killed in a riot he became head of the fencing academy.

One day Le Chapelier, a Breton, called upon him, accompanied by Danton. They wished to hire his sword to protect bourgeois members of the Assembly who were being challenged to duels by the nobles. He

in its wrath his influence provided the means of escape for the fair Aline, and he was forced also to save Madame de Plougastel and Monsieur la Tour d'Azyr, whom he discovered to be his parents. His mother had hidden the fact of his birth so that even the Marquis was ignorant of it, and the Marquis realized the poetic justice of his unknown son having been the chief obstacle in his path. Needless to say, Andre Louis wins Aline and carries her away from the dangers of revolution. In fine, this book reveals the interesting fact that Bolshevism existed long before the birth of Lenin.

The Lone Wolf gets the letters

RED MASQUERADE. By Louis Joseph Vance. Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE author of this story, which is as frankly lurid in its telling as the red and black picture on the cover (a wolf's head with sharp teeth about to bite into a man's bony claw which is reaching out for the head of a pretty young woman), lives in Westport, Conn. That is a mild and mildewed village on Long Island Sound famous for its artist colony and its peaceful, not to call it sleepy, atmosphere, and it ought to be a prime question with psychologists how a successful author of thrillers, such as Louis Joseph Vance, can keep up the melodramatic pace there. Environment surely counts for nothing or we might expect to see him turn over a Paul and Virginia leaf or weller in pastoral poetry.

But no, in this latest of the Lone Wolf series we have again the radiant, beautiful Russian adventuress with golden bronze hair and svelte young body, we have her ex-husband, Prince Victor, as he had his ex-wife in the now extinct Demidoff regime, and we have the Lone Wolf who does wondrous things (including several that interest Scotland Yard) twist a smile and a paw, like the supernatural that he is, and from this group of three are projected events that would destroy all of them were it not for the Lone Wolf's mastery of things. Can evil come out of peaceful Westport? Apparently it can.

How the Lone Wolf bought at auction in London an imitation Corot, how he found between two layers of canvas letters compromising the princess, how she went to his rooms, in disguise, to regain possession of these letters and found that her husband had gone there before her in the way this blood curdling romance starts. If there is some incongruity in the sequence of events, if the things are not always plausible, if the gold bronzed haired lady seems at times no better than she should be we are none the less carried along by the story. We mutter "Fishy stuff and nonsense" as we read, but we do continue to read.

Why? Well, one reason is that the book was written in Westport.

The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY. Tomeville Anthology.

A CONTEST.

"Ten poets send me verses," said Louise. "Or is it twenty? (I've forgotten which.) And all these Pegasus inspirations please, Making it difficult for me to hitch My cart to any one of you. The lines you sent Last week were splendidly but no better than The ones I got from Mills and Scott and Trent. The quality's the same. I therefore plan A test of quantity. Each man his quill. Shall keep propelling for a fortnight. He Whose verse the largest stack of paper fills Shall have my hand in marriage." Woe is me! Writing a dozen poems every minute, A free verse poet soon I wasn't in it.

"The Bride's Book Shower" is the title of an interesting article by May Lambertson Becker in the June Good Housekeeping. "If people can give linen showers and showers of kitchenware," writes Mrs. Becker, "why not a book shower?"

Why not, indeed? Mrs. Becker suggests a list of books on all phases of housewifery that would be suitable for this purpose. By the way, what is the exact meaning of the word "shower" as applied to those functions? Are the gifts actually showered on the bride? Our male curiosity is getting the better of us and we'd like to know. If the presents are heaved at the bride we look for headlines like this before long:

BRIDE HIT BY ENCYCLOPEDIA, SERIOUSLY INJURED

ACCIDENT HALTS BOOK SHOWER

Jilted Suitor Suspected.

FACTS FOR TWO.

"I heard to-day," writes M. H., our most diligent contrib., "of a girl who is going to be married in June, whose friends are horrified because her fiancé gave her the Century Dictionary 'instead of an engagement ring.' Horrified? Maybe she needed it."

Which reminds us of the Gilbert hero who, to quote haphazardly, had grammar and learning for two.

SONNETS OF A BOOK REVIEWER.

VI.

Tell me, O traveller, where have you been? What is the land you write about to-day? What island paradise? What fair demesne? What tropical Elysium far away? Whatever it be, write on! Write on, I beg!

Tell me about the nose-ringed girls and all Who promenade the forests bare of leg (showing that styles are universal): Call To mind the natural beauties, streams and hills That shame the Occident. And tell of beads That must have chased you and provided thrills. Tell of the tribal dances and the priests. Tell all, in fact! I am not one to say, "Tut! Saw it in the movies 'other day.'"

SETON'S SIX POINTS.

Can you—  
1. See as a hawk sees?  
2. Hear as an owl hears?  
3. Feel as a blind man feels?  
4. Smell as a dog smells?  
5. Taste as a French cook tastes?  
6. And are you quick and supple as a cat?

If you can answer a truthful yes to these questions you are very much alive, says Ernest Thompson Seton. If, in addition, you can crack nuts with your teeth, chin the bar forty times and digest Amy Lowell's poetry you are superannuated, not to say copiously vivified.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Another batch of poems by Ferdinand K. Flick, Head Clerk of Buckel's Bookshop, will shortly appear in this department. The first three poems of his book "Mother Nature" were so enthusiastically received by our readers that we are paying Mr. Flick an unprecedented sum for the right to publish the balance.

ANYBODY KNOW ANY OTHERS?

At last we have won an argument. In the course of one of those poetry discussions Bill made the point that a hard desiring to achieve a sombre effect could do no better than use iambic pentameter. Bill, of course, cited Gray's Elegy as the best example of his proposition. We agreed with him on this, but added that any meter could be adapted to any mood.

"That being the case," piped Bill with no little assurance (he's a confident little cuss), "name one famous line of rollicking verse written in iambic pentameter." He had us cornered for a while, but we soon floored him with Chesterton's "I think I will not hang myself to-day." John Godfrey Saxe's (we believe it is his) "God bless the man who first invented sleep!" and Bert Williams's "I may be crazy, but I ain't no fool!"

Only modesty prevented us from referring to our own immortal "Sonnets of a Book Reviewer."

THE JOURNAL OF CARLO KNIGHT, FREE LANCE.

Monday. The morning mail: Sixteen letters of congratulation on my rhymed

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192 The Next Corner

Elsie, alone, sat listening to every sound from the hotel, an odd stillness around her heart. Robert would arrive in a few moments. If the letters, reforwarded from South America, had been waiting for him at his office?—If among them there had been the gray-blue square with the Spanish stamp?—Nina's words, with an effect the reverse of what she had intended, were like a horrid nudge: The next corner! . . . She was not to forget it. She was not to escape it. Day by day she would have to watch it. Even now her eyes were on it, fixed as they were on the door into the hall, waiting for it to open to give her the first sight of Robert's face on his return.

Undoubtedly One of the Most Powerful Novels of 1921

The Next Corner

By KATE JORDAN

Author of "AGAINST THE WINDS"

The New York Sun says: "The Next Corner" is an international romance of four countries. The scenes are vivid, the people in the book in many cases live, and in all cases help make the book live. "The Next Corner" has interest, power and conviction.

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